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UNCLE TOM IN PARIS.

UNCLE TOM IN PARIS:

OR,

VIEWS OF SLAVERY

OUTSIDE THE CABIN.

BY ADOLPHUS M. HART,
Author of "The History of the Valley of the Mississippi," "Life in the Far West," &c. &c.

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UNCLE TOM IN PARIS;

OR,

VIEWS OF SLAVERY OUTSIDE THE CABIN.

MANY and various have been the popular excitements which have marked the progress of nations and communities, but none has surpassed in intensity and duration, the almost unparalleled commotion, which was created by the appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin in the literary world. From the cottage to the palace, in every nook and corner of civilized Europe, where the light of knowledge had penetrated, men, women and children were found thumbing Uncle Tom's Cabin, gloating over the scenes of misery, so artistically displayed in its pages, and weeping over the tales of woe which it sought to develop. Perhaps, no romance has ever been written, wherein the authoress has so completely succeeded in enlisting the feelings and passions of the multitude in her favor, as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. To what cause is this to be attributed? It is to the fact, that in painting the dark picture which she has set before her

readers, there was nothin gin the back-ground to relieve it, not the stroke of a brush, no, not even the shadow of a pencil drawing to afford light and hope to the friend of the slave; and if so, is not its success to be greatly attributed to that morbid feeling which dwells the strongest in the breast of the most ignorant, which engrosses all his faculties, fixes all his thoughts, and rivets all his attention on pictures of the wretched and the horrible? The human heart is prone to sympathy, but it is proner still to feel indifference at the wrongs and sufferings of humanity; and, in the crowd which assembles when a criminal is brought to the hurdle, or tied to the stake, you will search in vain for the exhibition of those finer or more noble sentiments of the human mind, which embellish and adorn man's nature. To the philanthropist, as well as the sceptic in the perfectability of our race, it must have been matter of curious inquiry to note the progress of that extraordinary work amongst the nations and communities of Europe; and, according to the impression it made on the popular mind, to observe the various and discriminating peculiarities of the people, wherein they differ, and what they have in common with each other. Thus, in countries inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon race, as in England and America, the most ardent admirer of Mrs. Stowe, and the warmest friend of the slave will be forced to admit, that in the feelings of pity and sympathy they displayed towards the black race, there was mingled a sentiment of fanaticism bordering on intolerance, which showed that passion has usurped the place of reason, and prejudice had triumphed over judgment. Does any one doubt the truth of

this remark? Had he attended the meetings in Exeter Hall, or witnessed the representation of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the National Theatre in New York, he would have been struck with the marked peculiarity of the audiences that were brought together on those occasions. There was an air of sanctity in the upper tiers, which betokened that the work had had a powerful influence in awakening the religious feelings of certain classes of the people, whilst in the balconies and the pit, there was another class intent on every scene in the drama that could gratify their morbid love of cruelty, and make them gloat over pictures of human wretchedness and misery. In those secluded corners of the theatre, called private boxes, might be seen some demure looking gentleman, who had never been at a theatre before, and who drew out his white pocket handkerchief and applied it to his eyes, as that black apostle of liberty, Uncle Tom, was reading the Bible, or Little Cordelia Howard was suffering, perhaps her hundreth martyrdom on the boards of the New York National Theatre. Finding himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, in such a novel position, he carefully lays aside the half-drawn curtain, and reveals to the audience his dark colored garments and starched neck-cloth, indicating, that his mission was one of peace and brotherly love, and that he had descended for the nonce from the pulpit to the theatre. The transition did not appear as easy to him as it did to the unwashed boys of the Bowery, for whilst he was conscious, in the innocence of his heart, of the error he was committing by his fruitless attempts to conceal his person from the gaze of the audience, the boys were shouting and

halloing as Eliza was crossing the Ohio, or George Harris was shooting his pursuers. It will thus be seen, that in England and America, where the Anglo-Saxon race prevails, two powerful elements were at work to give increased popularity to Mrs. Stowe's fiction, the enthusiasm of the religious class of the community, which is always excited to a pitch of the wildest frenzy at anything which militates against its belief, or interferes with its scruples, and the love of the marvellous and the horrible, which finds its votaries in the very lowest classes of society, amongst the uneducated and the ignorant. True, there may have been sensible, reasonable people who were carried away by the popular delusion. At all periods of public excitement, the human mind is more susceptible of conviction, than it is in moments of quietness and peace, but the belief gradually gives way to doubt, and finally it settles down into the most careless indifference at what has been seen or heard. Who will say, that in fifty, nay, in ten or five years hence, people will not wonder why men of judgment and learning suffered themselves to be numbered amongst the spiritual rappers; and none will wonder more than themselves that they should ever have been found in such a category. So it will be with those few reasonable(!) men, who applauded Mrs. Stowe in her ideal personifications of the character of the black race.

In France, it was otherwise; we all know the versatile character of the French people, and particularly of the Parisians. Light and volatile as they are, if they did feel sympathy for Uncle Tom's woes, it was of momentary duration; they (!) held no meetings, at which they vowed love

for the slave and hatred of his master ; their peeresses sent forth no addresses, in which they showed sympathy for the stranger, and none for their own ; no religious phrenzy, nor love of the wonderful or the horrible, entered into their appreciation of Uncle Tom's Cabin. No, it was something else ; it was the extraordinary change that had been worked out in the physical drama of life ; it was the novelty to see black characters come and diversify the actual personages on the stage. They have been accustomed so long to see white phantoms moving about on the chequer-board of human life, that it was a change, a novelty to see black men introduced into the drama. Thus, the Parisians seemed momentarily to be carried away by the popular delusion. Paris was hung in black, the boards of the theatre and the streets of the city resounded with praise of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and in their desire to gratify the public taste by representations of black characters on the stage, they did not adhere to the picture as portrayed in the romance itself, they painted others, gave ten different versions of the story, and not content with Mrs. Stowe's delineation of the black race, they actually revived and put upon the stage a piece called *Labao*, which was represented at the *Beaumarchais* theatre, in which the hero was as black as Uncle Tom in his physical appearance, whilst his moral character was blacker still, for he didn't read the Bible as Mrs. Stowe made her hero do. In fact, such was the rage for everything and everybody that was black, that Emile de Girardin's paper, the *Presse*, announced, that Mr. Ida Aldridge, the black Macready, was coming to play Othello in his own natural character, and Mungo, a colored

person, in a mulatto piece. The *Presse* added, "if this continue, wax will be beyond all price; we shall not be able to touch Spanish Liquorice, and as for the juice of *caliquentium*, it will fetch an enormous sum."

The Parisians *seemed* momentarily to be carried away by the popular delusion. Were they really so, or did the national phrenzy partake of those qualities which imbued the spirit that prevailed in England and America? In the former, whatever of love or of sympathy may have been shown for the slave, it is impossible to deny that there is still a feeling of hatred or of envy, rankling in the bosom of her people for wrongs supposed to have been received and injuries unredressed in former periods of our history. If England appeared on the stand as a witness in any cause in which America was concerned, from the many instances of spite or of envy she has shown, at the growing importance of our country, at the success of our warriors, statesmen, authors, poets, or painters; at our history, government, arts, or literature, she would be declared by every just and impartial tribunal to be inadmissible, if not incompetent, to give evidence. We shall thus exclude her from the list of judges to decide between the slave and slaveholder, the North and the South, or any section of our common country. In America, the war has been too much one of extermination on the part of highly enthusiastic people, their feelings have become too much embittered by the violence and the duration of the contest to take any particular class as the exponent of the great popular will of the country. We all know *and feel that* there is a deep and an abiding desire amongst

all classes to cement the ties, which connect one portion of the country with the other, to perpetuate that glorious Union, under which the people have grown happy and prosperous, and by means of which they have triumphed over traitors at home, and enemies abroad. Yet, the Northerner would not take the Southerner, nor the Southerner the Northerner to decide the controversy that has been waged with so much acrimony between them. In the heat and ardor of the contest, it is gratifying to know, that in any danger to their common country, all would rally around the proud standard—that star-spangled banner, which has waved alike over the heads of the Northerner and the Southerner, in the midst of their shouts of triumph and victory. Nor is it in vain adulation of that symbol of their country's greatness, that they would be urged in the struggle; the memory of family and kindred bound together by ties as indissoluble as those which connect the North and South, and which have been severed by death, leaving their cold ashes to moulder with the clay of their native or adopted country, the recollection of old friendships and associations, all would combine to lend a force to their exertions, equal to that inward, but not less powerful spell, which would animate them whilst fighting under a common flag, and for a common country

Yet, for the reasons we have stated, it is not in America we should choose an arbiter to decide our internal disputes; we must look abroad for an exposition of the popular opinion relating to any question, on which we are divided ourselves, and no where can we look with more advantage than to France, the people of which have forever shown them-

selves to be the friends of America, and between whom and the inhabitants of the United States there have grown up the warmest relations, arising out of participation in former combats, by land and by sea, and by the strengthening bonds of commerce and social intercourse, which unite the two countries. To France, then, let us look, to learn how they regarded that great bugbear, slavery, against which Mrs. Stowe has poured forth her anathemas, and launched forth her fulminations, which have resounded from one nation of Europe to another, but which yet have produced no tangible effect either in the moral or material world. Slavery will exist in spite of pious clergymen weeping over the sorrows of Uncle Tom, or being witnesses at the death-bed scene of little Eva, and for the simple reason, that it exists by means of the dispensation of an overruling Providence, which has ordained certain duties to be performed by men, and certain parts of the world to be inhabited by a distinct and exceptional race of beings.

Let us then inquire what Uncle Tom did, how he behaved himself, and what results he produced in Paris—that gay metropolis of the world, where mirth and revelry abound, where everything is eagerly sought for, and obtained, that can amuse the passing hour, where are to be seen the finest actresses, and the gayest women in the world, including *grisettes* and *lorettes*, and every species of the female form divine; where the men get up revolutions and establish dynasties in one day, which they upset the next, and where they have prince presidents and emperors, monarchies, republics, and *empires*. In this inquiry we must not regard the exuberance

of that superficial joy, which was manifested when Uncle Tom first appeared in the scenes. He was a novelty, and the French, keenly alive to everything that is new, rejoiced at seeing white men wax their faces, and put on the emblems and paraphernalia of mourning. No, it is in the second sober thoughts of the nation, that we must look for the exercise of that sound judgment, which would enable them to form a correct opinion of the question of slavery, and it is in the Press that we find the most ready solution for it. The Press and the Drama, if taken as exponents of the popular will in Paris, cannot be brought forward by the warmest friend of the slave, or the most ardent admirer of Mrs. Stowe and her work, as indicating any deep-rooted sympathy with the negro-race. On the contrary, at the moment when popular feeling ran the highest, and men, women, and children resorted to the theatres, to witness the representation, the Press teemed with grave doubts as to the admissibility of the negro-race to a footing of equality with other members of the social community, and some went so far as to prove that Nature intended them for the position they occupy, and that they could never hope for any amelioration of their social condition. As this may be gainsaid by some rabid abolitionist, whose vision is so obscured, that he can only look on the dark (!) side of the picture, we shall give thewords of *Theophile Gauthier*, one of the most able cotemporaneous writers France has produced, and whose contributions to the columns ot the *Presse* have justly increased its circulation and celebrity. Mr. Gauthier says :—

"We also have had our thoughts ever occupied with this

dark and mysterious race, if not in the philanthrophic manner of Wilberforce, at least in a manner philosophically ethnographic. Are those black phantoms really of our species, who seem to have been made with another clay than that red earth, with which God modeled Adam? What malediction has caused the dark shade to be condensed on their brow? Must we believe according to Rabbical traditions in the change of color of Ham, who was punished for having scoffed at Noah, his father, whilst in a state of drunkenness, and condemned to a state of inferiority relatively to his brethren? Is it the hot sun of Africa which has burnt the skin like a coal? Or, even putting Genesis aside, ought we to follow that immense ladder of life, which leads from the primordial tissues or organs of humanity, and take the negro as the immediate link between the ourang-outang and ourselves? In this supposition the negro would have preceded the white man on earth in anti-historical epochs, and lost in the night of ages; these are problems for which the solution would require volumes, and a science which no person, perhaps, possesses; besides, we shall content ourselves with putting the question.

"This strange race concentrated in the impenetrable heart of Africa, fertile in monsters, lives a savage life in the midst of nature, arid even to parchiness, or an inordinate exuberance of vegetation on sands burning like the ashes of a destroyed world; or amidst the inextricable entanglement of nopals, mangroves, cochineal trees, euphorbiums, and the giant bamboos—it obscurely increases without religion, without laws, *without tradition*, without art, in the heart of deserts, where

no European has penetrated, in the depth of fabulous countries, traversed by chimerical rivers, whose sources are unknown, forcing their way no one knows where, from the lofty heights of Abyssinia, even to the Cape of Good Hope. The darkness of their visage seems to be spread over their history.

"On this ancient land, one of the first that emerged, and the only one, where they are aborigines, they never raised anything else than huts, made of leaves or of mud; they have remained in their primitive barbarity, and have never gone beyond the grossest feticism or worship of idols in matters of religion, the tattoo and the shell-collar in art, and infantile mutterings in language, and these black families have succeeded each other, without preserving any descent; all this frizzy, wooly-headed, hideous-looking people, varying from ebony to chocolate color, make a perpetual war against each other, hunt, kill, and eat each other, not less fierce nor less to be feared than those elephants, crocodiles, hippopotami, rhinoceros, lions, and panthers, and all the menagerie of monsters that bellow, cry, moan, and roar in the midst of their jungles. There are sacrificed, even to the present day, to the black Moloch of African superstition, little children who are tortured with all the refinement of cruelty; there, the sentimental father barters his wife for a bottle of tafia, his tender offspring for a handful of nails; there prisoners of war are sold for some loads of gunpowder, an old gun, or some glass beads, unless they prefer to tie them to the stake, and under the burning heat of the sun, with the atmosphere of a furnace, make them move about and play fantastic tricks.

covered as they are with melted fat, or besmeared with the juice of the rocoa, and perform trepidations and monkey gestures, like the savage tribes of Hottentots, the Boschismans, the great and little Namaquois, the Caffirs, the Mozambiques, Yoloffs, the Gallas, whirling about foolishly, and beating the drum with almost frantic ardor, like the negro-king of Ferdinand Freiligrath. From the Boschisman, the bones of whose palate are not closed and who squeaks, yelps, or howls, when he wishes to speak; from the Hottentot, with his fat gibbosity and skinny apron, certainly more hideous than a baboon, to the blacks of Dahomey and Abyssinia, the Antinous and the Venus' of the *basaltes* or black race, there is certainly an immense black field to go over; and yet, none of this dark race surrendered to themselves, have shed any light on the world. The negroes posses neither a great conqueror nor a great poet, nor a great artist; they have not even a prophet.

"Taussaint Louverture, Dessalines, those monstrous heroes, half-tigers and half-monkeys, were not pure Africans, and had the advantage over them from the resource of civilization. Is it not singular that there, where they are free, and their own masters, those negroes whom Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe paints as so virtuous, live in the vilest and wildest state of brutality, exercising against each other cruelties far otherwise atrocious than those of Legrees and Haleys, surrendering themselves to adoubtful polygamy, equivalent to promiscuity, doing absolutely nothing with their ten fingers than scraping their vermin like baboons in the sun? Does there exist, even in the centre of Africa, in that space left vacant

on the maps, an unknown black civilization, of which we shall know the secrets when the art of navigating the air shall be practiced? Does the mysterious and evading city of Timbuctoo, which neither Mungo Park, nor Clapperton, nor Richard Lander have yet been able to reach, contain temples, palaces, monuments of negro achitecture, comparable with the wonders of the Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Sarrazin, Gothic, or even Chinese architecture? It is what we must certainly be permitted *a priori* to doubt, for the black race, perhaps, more ancient than the white has remained in a state of infancy, and has not made a single progress since the comencement of the world."

Mr. Gauthier says, that slavery has been to the present day to the black race a means of initiation to a superior civilization; rough is the apprenticeship, severe is the master, cutting is the lash of the whip, but the *eleves*, who followed nothing but the lion, the hippopotamus, and the boa serpent, have the head and the skin hard. Slavery and war, it is shameful to say so for the sake of humanity, are instruments of education; they violently mix up people, who would never otherwise have seen each other, and the conquered learn the science of the conquerors. Inferior species improve themselves by these forced cross-breeds; in playing with his barbarous concubine, the white man creates a superior being, who will avenge his mother in the future. Mrs. Stowe's charming! blacks, if they had not been brought from Congo or the slave-coast by philanthropic negroes, without knowing it, would not so piously read the Bible, and might be dancing with the wildest gestures around an enemy's body, roasting

at a small fire; they would have had an unlimited confidence in idols, manitous and such things, and would never have thought of the gates of the "Heavenly Jerusalem."

Mr. Gauthier concludes this able and somewhat singular dissertation on slavery by putting the question, "What will be the future of the black race, when the slave colonies shall be forced to disfranchise them by the irresistible progress of human thought, and when all communication shall be interrupted between civilized America and savage Africa?

"Mahometanism, with its patriarchal slavery, its indifference to races and colors, will swallow up by degrees in its vast bosom the great black family, and will give them institutions more suitable to their tropical origin, their voluptuous temperament, their ardent and susceptible passions, than the cold Methodism of American sects. The Mahometan, the Arab and the Turk, who can marry several wives, in bringing into his harems some of these young Abyssinians, with their statue-like forms, with their skin as fresh as the skin of a serpent, does a good action—he raises the inferior type to the fine Caucasian type, and the children, who are born of these bi-colored unions, have singular qualities of intelligence and energy. In a given time this race will disappear, not by extermination, but by absorption. In some thousand years, the globe will be sufficiently luminous, that there will be no more negroes of any kind; then beauty will reign white and scintillating like the glory of Thabor."

In this remarkable criticism of Mr. Theophile Gauthier on Uncle Tom's Cabin, we are struck with the novelty of the

views he enunciates relative to the position and prospects of the slave; some, no doubt, may accuse him of that cold stoical philosophy, which precludes him from indulging in any belief of the perfectibility of man or the regeneration of the human race; others will say, that he has not brought the test of a superior code of morals, of laws and religion, to bear on the question of slavery, but Mr. GAUTHIER has looked at the matter in the only light in which it can be viewed, to arrive at a solution of the great ethnographical problem, whether the negro race can claim any propinquity with the rest of the human family? It is a question of animal physiology, in the solution of which we can derive no benefit from experience nor any knowledge from history. The isolated passages in Scripture, which have been the themes of so many learned discourses, elucidate nothing from the darkness of that period of their history, and in the admonition of the Apostle, we know nothing of the country, creed or color! of the slave to whom it was addressed. Nor do we find a parallel in the history of Attica or Rome. Seneca designates slaves as *mercenaries in perpetuity*, and Florus, a *second human race*, yet the slave of that period was acquired by right of conquest, and servitude was the price of that life, which the conqueror might have exacted for his triumphs on the field of battle. His social condition may have been the same, as that of the slave of the present day, but with the energy of men who had once tasted the sweets of liberty, they fought nobly against Marius in Sicily and under Spartacus in Rome. There was nothing analogous in their nativity or condition with the African negro of the present day, and however hard

may have been their lot, they preserved slavery to the fate which awaited them at the hands of their relentless conquerors. After the taking of Thebes, Alexander spared the lives of the greater part of the population on this condition, and Cæsar after one of his victories, reduced fifty thousand of the conquered to a state of servitude.

Nor could Mr. Gauthier, in his elaborate criticism of Uncle Tom's Cabin, take a more favorable view of the African race from the events of more recent periods of their history. The massacre of Saint Domingo, and the insurrections of Martinique and Guiana, revealed to him the horrors of premature emancipation, and in the retrospect of their condition in the French colonies, he could not find a gleam of hope that another and a better fate should await them. The great argument which Mrs. Stowe and her coadjutors urge with so much force that their abject state in servitude prevents them from indulging in any aspirations of human ambition, seems to have had no weight with him, for he knows, that notwithstanding the efforts of benevolent citizens of the Commonwealth to give them the blessings of liberty, they have been loath to avail themselves of the boon, and that those who have done so, have given the world no proof of their capacity for self-government. Liberia is an experiment which augurs but little success from the failure of the design to colonize another part of Africa, which was first contemplated by that great apostle of philanthrophy, Dr. Fothergill, and which was executed by the beneficent Grenville Sharpe. Nor do the few instances of superior intellectual endowments amongst the emancipated slaves of Ameri-

ca add any force to the argument, for most of these bear evidence on their visage of the superiority of the Caucasian race, to whose privileges they aspire, and in the copper-color of those members of the African family, who have distinguished themselves from their countrymen by the strength and vigor of their intellects, they show the fire and the energy, which have been imparted to them by the admixture of their ancestral blood with that of their rival and antagonistic race!

Some may cavil at, and many, no doubt, will condemn the conclusion at which Mr. Gauthier arrives, that what cannot be accomplished by the cold Methodism of American sects, may be effected by the Oriental nations. He fixes the time of their redemption at some period like a thousand years hence, "when the globe will be sufficiently luminous, that there will be no more negroes of any kind, when beauty will reign white and scintillating, like the glory of Thabor." If we may judge from the past, we have no hope for the future; the world has already existed over five thousand years and although the African race has lived in the vicinity of those nations, the progress of time has not effaced the indelible marks on the visage of the African, which distinguish him from the people surrounding him. The interlineal space which separates them from a people of superior civilization remains as wide as ever, and it is not likely that they will ever become extinct by the absorption of which Mr. Gauthier speaks.

Perhaps, of all the rhapsodies which have been written or spoken about Uncle Tom's Cabin, none exceeds the language

of eulogy which was used by Mr. John Lemoine, one of the regular contributors to the *Journal des Debats*, a Parisian journal of comparatively a small circulation with that of the *Presse*, and once the organ of the Orleanist dynasty. His communications were four in number, and they excited a great deal of curiosity and interest in the literary circles of Paris. To understand correctly the position which this writer assumed, and his bold denunciations against the system, and likewise to reconcile conflicting statements in his articles, it is necessary to fix well-defined ideas of the subject in our minds. This is the surest preventative against error, and the readiest way to account for he antitheses into which Mr. Lemoine fell.

We attempt no such paradox as the defense of slavery, in the light in which philanthropists of every age and country have considered it. As an abstract theory in ethics or political government, it is an incontrovertible axiom, and one that has been consecrated by usage and practice, that all men are created free aud equal. Yet, it is a postulate which reason and experience teach us to deny, that because all men are created free and equal, the negro race falls within the category. We have read of the many schemes which were devised for their emancipation towards the close of the last century ; we watched with interest the exertions of such benevolent men as Dr. Thornton, Woolman and others, to provide a home and an asylum for the negroes in their own country, and we saw how signally they failed. Our heart throbbed with delight, when the philanthropy of a Wilberforce was crowned with success. We could fancy no greater

glory to belong to the most consummate warrior on the field of battle, than to him who was instrumental in abolishing the slave-trade, and blotting out from history the horrors which accompanied it. Yet in the name of truth and justice we would ask what results have they produced? Did Grenville Sharpe's colony of free negroes at Sierra Leone flourish? Was Dr. Thornton more successful, and did that other Society, which was formed in England in 1792, meet with a better fate? It was more general in its scope and purposes—it was to be a "Free Community on the Coast of Africa, formed under the protection of Great Britain, but entirely independent of all European government and laws, with an invitation under certain conditions to those who might desire to partake of the advantages of the undertaking." It soon became a wreck, and on the ruins of the colony Liberia was established, with little consolation from the past, and but little hope for the future. The slave-trade has been abolished by England, and yet is continued by her allies! America may persevere in her noble mission to civilize Africa by the example of her manumitted slaves, but she has a work to perform which the experience of the past warns us is hopeless, and against which the decrees of an inscrutable Providence seem forever to have militated. The African race is plunged as much as ever into the fathomless abyss of superstition and ignorance, and for every negro who lands on its shores a free man, thousands leave it in a state of bondage. Have we not reason, therefore, to be incredulous of the effects of anti-slavery societies and abolition movements, when we see that all they have done and all they are doing

only tends to rivet the chains still stronger on the objects of their benevolence and charity?

Jamaica is brought forward by the friends of emancipation as the last (!) experiment to avert the decrees of an inexorable fate, which awaits the negro-race in whatever quarter of the world they may dwell. That island, once the most fertile spot in England's possessions in America, has become a desolation and a waste, and what corresponding advantages have accrued to the negro-race for the nominal freedom they enjoy there? In the language of Mr. Gauthier may we not ask, what great warrior or statesman have they produced, what orator, poet, or painter? They have had many years of uninterrupted freedom and equality with the white race, and what evidence have they furnished the world of their ability or capacity for self-government? They languish in a state of inanition and stolidity, and are living witnesses of the fallacy of the doctrine, that through human agency can Divine wrath be averted. For purposes, unknown to us, Providence has ordained that the negro-race shall occupy only tropical regions, and it is a curious fact in ethnological science, that wherever they exist, no attempt should have been made by them to improve their moral or physical condition. The most barbarous nations have become civilized, and men who were heathens have embraced the doctrines of true religion, yet, from the Niger to the Volta, the negro roams over realms unknown, as fierce and as savage as in the earliest periods of history. The Indian of the forest has been reclaimed, and light has dawned on *the Esquimaux* and the Assinniboil, yet the Attahpahms and

the Amazons, those Cerastes of the desert, still remain the same, and darkness is on the face of the waters which wash the far-famed Whydah, the sea-port of Dahomey.

With these facts staring us in the face, we may form a well-defined idea of slavery, against which Mr. John Lemoine poured forth his denunciations in his two first communications to the JOURNAL DES DEBATS. But what we protest against is, that he should avail himself of the abstract proposition, that the subjection of men naturally and physically equal is an intolerable evil, and apply it to a class who are socially, and ought to be, politically their inferiors. We decline the controversy in which he would engage us, for we believe that the flowers of rhetoric, and beauties of language which, since the days of old, have been employed to paint the evils of slavery, are applicable to a different class of society and a different state of things to what exists in negro serfdom in America.

In following the progress of Uncle Tom's Cabin in Paris, we have been led to speak of Mr. Lemoine's criticisms on the work, but what struck us as particularly significant of the doubts he himself entertained on the subject was the marked contrast between his two last and his two first communications to the JOURNAL DET DEBATS. In the fourth article, which almost immediately succeeded the celebrated conclave of English Peeresses at Stafford House, no one was more eloquent than he was in depicting the consequences of the evil course they were pursuing, and the language of eulogy employed by him in his first dissertations was only equalled by his vituperation of the pernicious effects to arise from any

change in the system. Indeed, in the third communication which he furnished to the *Journal*, he seems to have relented in the course he was pursuing, and when the fourth appeared all Paris was in consternation at the wonderful change that had been so suddenly wrought in his opinions. Some said he had received a warning from the Emperor not to be too loud in his denunciations of slavery, others that he had become convinced that the work was anti-social and revolutionary in its character and tendency. However this may be, Mr. Lemoine spoke as follows in his article of the fourth of December:—

"The blacks once free, will not be the more admitted into the social state of the whites. The North rejects them as well as the South—the democracy thrusts them aside as well as the aristocracy. The two races are separated on the moral scale as they are at table. Even with the abolitionists, the blacks are not men like others—they have not the same blood, we might almost say, they have not the same soul. Most of the democrats, who preach in favor of abolition, do so more for the honor of the principle, than from love of their equals, for they do not regard the blacks as their equals. And in this point of view, there is between the slaves and the abolitionists, the latent germs of hostility as deep and more bitter, than between the slaves and their masters; for if the slave should have the good fortune to belong to a humane master, he finds his place at the domestic fire-side, and there meets with the goodness, familiarity and sympathy. But with the philosophical abolitionist, he is nothing but an abstraction. The democrat seeks for the triumph of the

idea. *The idea is white and does not stain, but he will put on gloves to touch a black.* Very well, there is something more humiliating and harder in this haughty and instinctive repulsion of the free black by the free white, than there is in the domination of the master over the slave. The abolitionists do not seem to understand, that emancipation is not alone the enjoyment of the personal liberty, but will also be the means of introducing and and admitting them into their common society."

How forcibly did several scenes in our past life recur to our memory, in reading the foregoing passage in Mr. Lemoine's third communication. We well remember a short sojourn we made a few years ago in Evansville, Indiana, in company with the lamented Mr. C———, a distingushed member of the Illinois Legislature. It was at the period of a passing of a law, declaring that after a certain time, no free black should be allowed to abide in the State of Indiana. They may have been a saving clause for those, who had settled there, but there was none for the future. That fiat had gone forth, that the poor, miserable, dejected African, the slave, who thought he had some benefactors on the earth, was an outcast and exile from the anti-slavery ! State of Indiana. Perhaps the very men, who had passed the law, in their wicked and unholy ! denunciations of slavery, had been instrumental in giving him freedom. They raised the cup to his lips, and as he was partaking of the draught, they dashed it to the earth. He indeed asked for bread, and they gave him a stone. And oh ! what a grin of fiendish malice, of gratification at the prospect of the removal of such a filthy !

and disgusting! object, as a free negro from the society of Indiana, alighted on the countenances of all the anti-slavery men, the abolitionists! of Evansville. It was a jubilee, a period of general rejoicing, and as you passed the "lowly" hut of the negro, the very boys who were playing at marbles, would exult over the prospect of their deliverance from the evil. In the sincerity of our sympathy for the "hunted fugitive," we felt how galling must have been the reproaches of the whites to the blacks, and we thought to ourselves, how they must have sighed for their respective liberty! in the plantations of the South, with the abject slavery they endured in the green fields of the North. Could their physical disabilities in Mississippi or Louisiana compare with their moral degradation in Ohio and Indiana? for in the former the lashes they received on their body became healed by time, whilst in the latter, their wounds are cauterized and sank deep into their hearts!

In reading that passage, we transported ourselves in imagination, where we had once been in reality, at a slave-party in a Southern plantation. We saw the happy and jocund faces of negroes and negresses beaming! with delight at the festivities they were enjoying, we saw the table groaning under the weight of the necessaries, yes, the very luxuries of life, that had been provided by the kind offices of the slave-master and his accomplished lady. It was on the occasion of a marriage! of a favorite slave on the plantation, to whom time and again freedom had been offered which he declined, preferring to live with her kind master and mistress. The dance preceded the song and the song the dance, and in

the mirth and revelry that abounded, and the plaintive melodies that we heard, we could find no evidence of those "galling chains, which fetter the limbs of the slave," of that "servitude, which embitters their lives and sears their hearts," and we experienced a feeling of unmitigated disgust at those hypocritical philanthrophists, who were forever canting about slavery.

In Mr. Lemoine's fourth and last communication, which was occasioned by the proceedings at Stafford House, the antithesis is so strong between this and his proceeding labors, that we are forced to give the greater part of it. Never did that great dramatic personage, the world renowned Mr. Crow, delight his audience with more adroit somerset, than did Mr. John Lemoine, on the occasion of his strictures on the proceedings, in which the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Palmerston took such a conspicuous part. His arguments exceed in pungency and sarcasm even those which were contained in Mrs. Tyler's celebrated letter of the 24th of January, 1853, from Sherwood Forest, Virginia. If there be any similarity in the productions, Mr. Lemoine must have the credit of the originality, for his remarks appear in the *Journal des Debats* of the 14th December, 1852. We are inclined to give it to him, for of all the extraordinary phases in which we have seen the commentators on Mrs. Stowe's work, none has surpassed Mr. Lemoine in the singularity of the position he assumed. The transition from black to white could not have been greater, and the metamorphosis more sudden, than the change in Mr. Lemoine's sentiments in the short space of

eight or ten weeks. As an incident in the history of Uncle Tom in Paris, it is curious, to say the least of it.

"Those fine ladies, who voted in their fine mansion such an eloquent address in favor of 'the little black, my good brother,' did not perhaps dream of the replies they might elicit. We wait with a certain curiosity, the reply of the women of America, not those of the Northern, but of the Southern States. America will answer, 'But it is England, which buys and employs the greatest portion of the cotton of America. To practice her maxims, to put her morality into execution, is England ready to close her ports against the products of the blood and the sweat of the slaves? Is she ready to shut up her manufactories and throw millions of workmen out of employment?' That is what America will say to England, and American women will also tell their sisters and friends in Great Britain, 'Let us see, Madam, let us speak candidly—without slaves, there would be no sugar, are you ready to take your tea, morning and evening without sugar? At the time of our Revolution and our glorious war of Independence, our mothers, the women of America, carried on a crusade against English exactions, and bravely interdicted the use of tea. Will you do the same with sugar? Without slaves, also, there is no tobacco. Well, are your husbands, your sons and your brothers ready to dispense with the cigar for love of the slave? At the time of the Italian insurrection, the patriots swore that they would not smoke any more, that they might not contribute to the Austrian revenue—are the English abolitionists ready to do as much? Without slaves, Madam, there would be no cotton, and without cotton,

Madam, only think what things we should have to do without. Without slaves, how could you have any muslin? or those pretty English stockings, which you love so much? And do you think they will show the dirt less, because you are making blue stockings of them? Queen Anne, of Austria, had such a tender skin that she was told if she went to purgatory, her greatest punishment would be to sleep in brown holland. Are you ready, Madam, to go to purgatory to buy your brethren, and do you feel yourselves capable of carrying on the propogandism in worsted stockings?'

"That is what the American ladies might answer, and they would have a great deal more to say. In Mrs. Stowe's romance, Saint Clair, the Creole of New Orleans, says, 'My brother pretends, and he is right, that the American planter only does, under another form, what the English aristocracy and the English capitalists do with the working-classes, that is to say, they appropriate them body and soul to their own use. The planter may cause his slave to die under the lash, the capitalist may make him die of starvation. As for their family relations, I do not know which is the worst, to see them sell their children, or to see them die of inanition. I have travelled much in England, have read may documents on the condition of the lower classes, and after all, I think my brother is right, when he says, that his slaves are in a better state, than a large class of the population of England.'

"Very well! it is to a line of argument of this kind, that those fine *abolition!* Duchesses, Marchionesses and Countesses will expose themselves, when they are going to preach

sermons to the American Republic. America will again say to them, 'It is possible there may be a beam in my eye, but do you believe from that, that there is nothing but a straw in your own?' You speak of our plantations and our slave-markets, but have you ever cast your eyes on that population, which languishes and perishes in the atmosphere of your manufactories and the depths of your mines? Have you ever looked at those asylums, which popular malediction has stigmatized by the name of *Bastiles*, and in which you are obliged to shut up thousands of the poor? You speak of the barbarous ignorance in which we bring up our slaves, you reproach us, that we do not speak to them of God, but we have read, we also, of 'Inquiries into the the religious education of your working classes,' we have seen there that you have children of poverty, who never heard the name of Jesus Christ pronounced, nor that of the Queen, nor that of Napoleon, nor that of Wellington; that others answered, that Jesus Christ was a shepherd, that Pontius Pilate was an Apostle; that they did not know what was either France or America; that the most familiar names to them were those of celebrated brigands, whose exploits they had heard spoken of, and that as for the name of God, they knew it not, except under the form of an imprecation. That is what we have read, Madam, in the Official Inquiries of your Parliament. You tremble and this does you honor, when you see female slaves serves as a prey and as victims for the pleasures of their masters, but have you ever seen by gas light the spectacle in your streets and side-ways? When your horses were hurrying you to to the opera, did they not stumble, as

you were throwing a soft but limpid glance into those horrible alleys which are at once the sanctuary and hospital of vice? And if you did look and observe, perhaps you did not understand it, for you are born and have been raised with every regard to the cleanliness of your soul and body, and it has fallen to your lot to breathe nothing but the atmosphere of virtue and purity. This is why, Madam, you ought to remember, that those who live in glass houses, should not be the first to throw stones.'

"What would the women of England reply when those of America would address them in such language? Those noble ladies, who made a plaything of that weapon which cuts both ways, and which they call liberty, might cut their pretty fingers with it."

We have read somewhere of a certain John Woolman, a Quaker minister, who lived in the last century, and who abhorred Slavery so much, that he would not taste any food that was produced by the labor of slaves, but we are not prepared to believe with Mr. Lemoine, that the most rabid abolitionist would forego any of his minor pleasures or comforts for the sake of slavery. Such a sacrifice would augur more sincerity in their convictions than what we are inclined to give credit for. To test their devotion to the cause, we would recommend to them total abstinence from any article of domestic consumption, in the preparation of which sugar is a component, and those youthful abolitionists, who delight in the use of a cigar, we would pray them to remember each time they smoke one, that their pleasure has been purchased by the sacrifice of the "blood and sweat" of the

slave. To the lady abolitionists of America, who are ever foremost in such noble works as emancipation, temperance, and other reforms, we would simply urge Mr. Lemoine's suggestive argument, and induce them to forego those fine muslins and ginghams, with which they love to decorate themselves.

It has been said, that what will not yield to reason will bend before sarcasm. Wit has a poignancy, against which the most obdurate are not insensible, and satire is a weapon which has been used in the conflict, when everything else has failed. At the time when Mr. Lemoine was penning his diatribes against slavery, the facetious writers in the *Charivari* were at work amusing the Parisians with scenes quite as painful as any Mrs. Stowe so vividly described, which were daily witnessed amongst white (!) slaves. They wrote to suit the prevailing taste in the public mind, which was gratified not so much with scenes of American slavery, as with those with which they were more familiar at home—the privations and sufferings of the lower classes amongst their own countrymen, and if they had a word to say about the "Cabin," it was certainly not in praise of Mrs. Stowe. Her book was read by thousands of Frenchmen for the same reason that it was read by thousands of her sorrowing (!) countrymen. As a work of art they admired it, as a highly wrought drama of human life they wondered at the assurance which could prompt such exaggerations, but, as friends of America, like Americans themselves, they lamented the suicidal policy, which should have dictated such a publication. They knew it could be productive of no good effects in

America, and they augured evil from it abroad. Whilst a great problem in the science of human government was being worked out in the Western hemisphere, there were many persons in the Eastern who saw with jealousy the progress of the Republic, and who envied the happiness and prosperity of the people. The despots, too, were at work, who viewed, as the butcher does a sheep he is leading to the shambles, the triumphs they were to gloat over, when America was sacrificed—with their subjects enslaved themselves, they cared not for the means, provided the end was attained, and in the downfall of the modern Republic, showering blessings on her people, which were envied by their own, they already fancied that other props were raised to support their tottering thrones. It was this which made France blend with America in shedding tears, that the parricidal blow should have come from one of her own daughters—*Et tu Brute!* well may they have said, for whilst she was attempting to renovate a part, she was pulling down the whole of the sacred edifice.

Let no one accuse us of casuistry when we assert that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" produced no effect on the public mind in France unfavorable to Americans, because they suffered the black to remain in a state of slavery amongst them. On the contrary, the fair authoress' hyperbolies fell dead on the ear, for no sensible man could be brought to believe in the state of perfection to which the negro race had arrived in the United States. If one half of her statements were true, we have been all along in a state of moral and social inferiority to the Africans—they surpass us in their appreciation

of all that is sublime and beautiful, in their sense of what is right and just, and in their deportment as members of the community. They are too ethereal to be of this world, and are fit only for the heavenly spheres. In her efforts to color the picture too highly, she left a part of the back-ground untouched, which might have served as a relief to bring out the character of the whole. In one word, the French did not believe her, and as this is a grave assertion to make, particularly respecting a lady, we shall be more particular than we should otherwise have been, in producing every scintilla of evidence to prove it.

Comedy *versus* Tragedy, or the CHARIVARI, the most facetious of Parisians Journals against Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Uncle Tom's Cabin. New-Year's day of 1853 was ushered in by the CHARIVARI with a most amusing caricature of Uncle Tom. There were prophecies for all the months in the year. We shall describe that for April: On one side there were men ascending a hill, with a General blown up in the air; they held axes in their hands, and the word "Havana" was inscribed on a pole. Underneath were the words "Taking of the Island of Cuba by the Americans, the Governor blown up with all his cigars—the Americans will be smoked." In the middle there was a stout figure of Uncle Tom landing at Havre—a vessel at the wharf, and the people falling down to kiss the ground on which he lands—a circle formed, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, with hats off and handkerchiefs waving. Underneath were the words, "The 1st of April, 1853.—Uncle Tom lands at Havre—*the*

women will find him a much less handsome boy than what they figured to themselves."

In a subsequent number, the whole paper was a cutting sarcasm on Mrs. Stowe's production. It was entitled "Uncle Tom in Search of a New Social Position." It consisted of a series of nine caricatures, the object of which was to show that slavery quite as galling as that which was represented in the work to exist in America, was found in France and elsewhere.

In the first, Uncle Tom was represented as a soldier on the shoulders of a man, whilst another was whipping him. Underneath were the words—"Arrived in England, Uncle Tom enrols himself in a regiment, where he receives the lash even oftener than he did when he was a slave."

In the second, there is Uncle Tom behind a desk, with books flying about his head, and the scholars in an uproar and rebelling. Words—"Uncle Tom quits the English military *etat*, to embrace that of a French schoolmaster, but he meets with nothing but disappointment."

In the third, a sentry box—a man with a whip in hand belaboring Uncle Tom, who is on the ground, holding a flag in his hand, whilst another is holding him down. The words underneath are—"Uncle Tom obtains the place of watchman on the line of the Strasbourg rail-road, and, thanks to his employment, receives a thrashing from the postilion and tavern-keeper, established on the old route."

In the fourth, there is seen part of an omnibus, with a chord attached to his arm, another man pulling at it from inside. Words—"Becoming an omnibus driver, Uncle

Tom renounces this employment, on account of the pain which the continual drawing of the chord causes to his arm."

In the fifth, Uncle Tom is sitting on a chair, with a pole near him, having a sign on which is inscribed "*La Patrie*," and a man walking with an umbrella. Words—"Becoming a newspaper merchant, Uncle Tom is obliged to give up his employment, by reason of consecutive colds he caught, accompanied with pains in his chest."

In the sixth, Uncle Tom is on the boards of a theatre—a man is giving him a kick, and holding a whip over him—people are looking on. Words—"Endowed with too much sensibility, Uncle Tom abandons his dramatic career."

In the seventh, is a figure of a woman dancing on a tight-rope with a balancing pole, and Uncle Tom looking on with surprise, with the words—"Uncle Tom repels with disdain Mrs. Saquis proposition to teach him the art, and to come and join her a hundred feet above the ground."

"In the eighth, there is a pole with a placard, "Coal Mines;" a man in a basket with pick-axe—Uncle Tom is carrying a load to the mines. With the words underneath—"Uncle Tom can become even less decided to gain his livelihood a hundred feet beneath the ground."

In the ninth and last, a clock and chandeliers—Uncle Tom in an arm chair—a lady with a fan, handing him a hat—words—Uncle Tom finishes by finding an excellent social position in marrying an heiress, who brings him a rental of 80,000 *francs*, but notwithstanding that, his wife obliges him to go to a ball, although he has the *grippe*, which proves that perfect happiness does not exist on earth.

The article in the *Charivari*, entitled, "A Preface for Uncle Tom," is equally satirical.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was just about breakfasting quietly in the corner of the fire-place, when she received this letter with the Paris post-mark, brought by the last steamer from Havre.

"MADAM,—I throw myself at your feet—rest assured, it is not a declaration of love that I address you—I have a wife and children—I am a good citizen, an excellent father of a family, alone occupied with my book-trade, and little gallant by disposition.

"I hope it will not be a reason why you will refuse to interest yourself in me.

"On the point of publishing a new edition of Uncle Tom, I dared to dream of a preface, written in your own hand for this book.

"This preface would be my fortune. If you refuse it to me, I will blow my brains out. We shall see if you will have this misfortune to reproach yourself with.

I have the honor, madam, to salute you,

COLIMAR, *French Editor*."

Harriet Beecher Stowe makes a somerset on reading this letter, and lets her piece of bread and butter which she was about eating, fall into the tea-cup. Before she could be well relieved from her emotion, another letter is brought to her, written thus—

"MADAM,—I have published five editions, one after the other, of your admirable romance, and I am preparing a

sixth, to which nothing is wanting to make it perfect, but a preface from your pen.

"I have no other title to this very great favor, but my enthusiasm for Uncle Tom, such an enthusiasm that I have besmeared my face and whole body with *jus de reglisse* (liquorice juice,) in order to metamorphose myself into a negro.

"Something better. I have obliged the translator of Uncle Tom to submit to the same operation, as well as the clerks in my book-store, so that we now form a regular establishment of negroes, and every body calls me *Uncle Chamouski*, in memory of the virtuous Tom, whose misfortunes even yet make me shed tears.

"It appears to me, that all this certainly deserves a preface.

"Receive, madam, my distinguished salutations,

CHAMOUSKI, *(negre blanc) and Editor.*

"P. S.—Don't believe the foolish remarks of Colimar, my competitor; he threatened you to blow his brains out; I declare him to be incapable of it; he wished to exercise by this stratagem an impression on your sensitive heart."

"Mrs. Stowe raised her eyes to heaven and sighed, when she heard the CHAMOUSKI had pushed his admiration for Uncle Tom so far as to besmear himself with liquorice juice. But a third letter awaited her, she wiped her eyes, filled with tears, and read—

MADAM,—I hasten to apprise you that my rival, CHAMOUSKI, has unworthily tampered with your good faith, in trying to make you believe that he has dyed himself in black, him and all his household.

"Not being able to surpass me by honest means, on account of my natural advantages, he had tried to overcome me by stratagem and deceit.

"I say of my natural advantages, for Nature has made of me a real negro. I was born in Congo, of parents as black as the Devil. At five years of age, I was affectionately cared for by a ship-captain of the port of Marseilles, named Pamphile, who brought me to France, where I was educated.. A great number of young boys from Congo, neighbors and friends of my family, made the voyage with me, and they never left me. It is with their assistance, that I established my book-store, and published several translations of Uncle Tom.

"As for Chamouski, he has not only not besmeared himself with *jus de reglisse*, but he is *blondfadasse;* he has therefore no right to receive the Preface, which he asks for.

"It is for me, I hope, that your pretty hand will take the pen.

"Awaiting your answer, I have the honor to salute you.

"PAPAI-POPY, *(in French* DURAND,*)*

"Negro of Congo and Editor."

"These three letters were followed by twenty others, all written for the purpose of obtaining a preface for Uncle Tom. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe found herself in great embarrassment. It is believed she will come to Paris to get further information, which will be a good occasion to visit Europe."

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It will be unnecessary to follow the *Charivari*, in his amusing witticisms on Uncle Tom's Cabin. Its interest in the

subject has not lagged, for so late as the 27th of September last, it contained an article entitled "Uncle Tom in Italy," in which the hero of Mrs. Stowe's romance appears to have suffered some inconvenience from having pulled out of his pocket "that little Bible," whilst sojourning in Tuscany.

Let us turn from this *facetiæ* to the Drama, which offers nothing more consolatory to the friends of abolition, if we may judge from the phase it assumed in Paris, during the representation of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The drama, in every age and every country, may be taken as the best exemplification of the public taste. What the press does to express public opinion, the drama does to show which way the current of popular feeling runs, concerning any topic of interest in the community. If the admirers of Mrs. Stowe's romance wish to find evidence of the approbation of the masses, they must go elsewhere than to Paris, for of the many representations of her work on the boards of a Theatre, at the *Palais Royal*, the *Gymnasium*, the *Ambigu-Comique*, the *Gaiete*, and others, it is strange, but nevertheless true, that not one adhered closely to the text of the romance; to suit the popular taste, which ran counter to the exaggerated statements of the horrors of slavery, they even deviated from the plot, and one would have been at a loss to find in the theatrical impersonations of Mrs. Stowe's heroes and heroines, any affinity with the real personages in the work.

Thus, it is well known, that the *apotheosis* of Uncle Tom is the leading feature, the crowning point in the romance. Without it the work would lose its character of sanctity and would fail to elicit those emotions, which have made it so

popular amongst certain classes. If that virtuous, almost immaculate hero, did not ever and anon pull forth his "little Bible," and dream of the "heavenly Jerusalem;" if he did not "always look surprised and rather hurt," whenever he noticed any infraction of morals or good demeanor, on the part of those "lowly" whites, that black angel of slavery would be stripped of half the virtues with which Mrs. Stowe has clothed him. There would, in fact, be nothing to keep up the interest, it would lag, and not even the tender sympathies of the gentle Eva, the very antipode of Fanella, and the embodiment of all that is precocious in infancy, could redeem the work from the *ennui* it would create. Sambo and Quimbo could give it no relief, and not even the wonderful conversion of Topsy, that "girl, who never had a *mudder*," and of Cassy, that frail specimen of her sex, could have added to its interest. The French, however, from some cause or other, made Mrs. Stowe's hero fulfil a secondary *role* on the boards. In point of scenic attraction, the dramatic representations of Uncle Tom's Cabin, were all that could be desired, but on the score of affinity with the pictures of slavery in the book itself, they fell far short of the reality. To what was this attributable? Was it because the work was democratic in its scope and tendency, anti-social and revolutionary, and thus too close an adherence to it might make it fall under the ban of theatrical censorship? Was it offensive to legitimacy? If so, it would have been proscribed, but the most striking refutation of this supposition will be found in the representations themselves—there were passages in them, breathing the very spirit of liberty—

the audience ran wild with delight, as Eliza, flying from her pursuers, reached the eastern shore of the Ohio, and if the Censors could have taken offence at any thing in the play, they would have expunged many passages, far more objectionable to the ears of Royalty, than those which depicted the horrors of Uncle Tom's career.

No, the truth is, they had made up their minds that Mrs. Stowe had drawn too largely on her imagination to clothe any thing mortal, black or white, with the virtues he ! possessed. The millenium had not arrived, and there was nothing in any modern Apocalypse to warrant the belief, that in the interval, we should find such an angelic being on earth. Nor did they believe that his persecutors were such fiends in human shape, as she described them, so they left out the part in the play, which she had assigned to him in the romance. A brief description of the plot, as given at two of the principal theatres in Paris, will be interesting. We give the words of one of the critics :

"The managers of *l'*Ambigu—Comique, who know the difference of perspective between the scene and the book, did not confine themselves to following Mrs. Stowe's romance ; they took the important situations, and particularly the principal actors from it, which they developed and placed in action with a great deal of relief and art. The point of departure in the piece, like that in the book, is Shelby's conversation with Haley, this is overheard by Eliza, the pretty mulatress, who resolves to fly. Although his name figured triumphantly in the advertisement, Uncle Tom did not occupy a great space in the piece. In fact, this passive and re-

signed personage, drawing forth ever and anon his little Bible from his pocket, to spell out a verse from it, has nothing in him very dramatic ; all the interest attaches itself to the quadroon Eliza, and the *griffe* George hailing in search of liberty, in the midst of all kinds of obstacles and dangers, pursued by Haley, Harris and Loker.

The passage of Eliza across the Ohio, half frozen over, on which the floating ice raises itself up and closes again, like trap-holes, ready to swallow her up, is one of those anxious situations, which oppresses the breasts of the whole audience ; they shudder involuntarily to see this poor mother, squeezing her child to her breast, jumping from island to island, sustained by the superhuman courage of despair, and reaching towards that promised shore, where the hospitality of Senator Bird awaits her, so honestly in contradiction with his principles, and so obedient to the charitable injunctions of his good little wife, with her round and rosy cheeks. Contrary to the law, for which he had himself voted, Bird, after having placed Harris and Haley under lock and key, conducted Eliza and her little Henry by a cross-road, amongst swamps and rocks, to a spot where she meets George, who recognizes his wife, and joins her, *as well as Tom*, to the little band, which was resolved to conquer or to die. Harris and Haley, having broken out of prison, soon arrive, and sharp shooting begins from the height of the rocks. Bird, forgetting all about his vote in the Senate, aims a ball at Haley, who falls moaning and bloody, and would have died, abandoned by his companions, had he not been raised up,

and relieved in a truly Christian spirit, by the compassionate Eliza.

The fugitives find an asylum in the habitation of the amiable Saint Clair, an excellent master and careless philanthropist, who contented himself with doing all the good around him, without thinking of the eventualities of the future. Haley, grateful, has bought George and Henry from the ferocious Harris, and gave them to her who had so pitifully healed his wounds; but Saint Clair's affairs become deranged, his slaves are sold, and Eliza is amongst the number. Harris comes to buy her; a false alarm of fire draws him away from the market, and George in his absence acquires Eliza. Harris returns furious, and throws little Henry into a torrent. Haley saves him, and restores him to his mother. George, exasperated, provokes Harris to one of those terrible duels in the American fashion, where two adversaries meet in a wood armed with rifles. Harris is killed, and poor Tom dies."

Eva did not appear in the play at the AMBIGU-COMIQUE, as she did at the GAIETE. At this theatre Mrs. Stowe's romance was much more exactly followed, and Uncle Tom, that black apostle, occupied more of the piece. Each chapter of the book was represented by a scene, wherein the American character of the whole was carefully preserved. We shall merely say, that the decoration of the Ohio was very fine. The dim light of a winter's moon spreads its rays through a blue mist hanging over the river, and remains floating on the water, which flows between cakes of drifting ice; the shore seems at a great distance, in a cold and

gloomy horizon, and the audience trembles at the idea that she must cross this fragile mass, cracking under her feet, to arrive at the port of safety. The scene, the invention of the author, where George embarked in a boat in company with Eliza and Henry, struggles in the race with Loker's barque, mad in pursuit of them, and where they do not hesitate, in order to avoid their enemy, to contend with the rapids, offers a picture of inexpressible anguish, which fills the hearts of all.

The shores of the Ohio, painted as in a panaroma, to which the boats are hastening, produce an entrancing illusion. Loker's boat upsets and is broken to pieces in the middle of the dangerous eddies and whirlpools, whilst George's canoe, conducted by a firm hand and a stout heart, rides safely over the cataract. Nothing afterwards opposes itself against Eliza and George's happiness, which is partaken of by Saint Clair, Uncle Tom, and little Evangelina! who does not die as in the romance.

Surely there was nothing in these representations, which wore almost the same as was performed at the other theatres in Paris, against which even a slaveholder could take umbrage. There was no misplaced invective, such as we find in the romance at the severance of domestic ties, nothing at which the heart could revolt. Elsewhere it may have been necessary to satiate the popular appetite by loathsome pictures of imaginary vice, but in France, where full scope was given to all the faculties of invention, it was not deemed wise, nor politic, nor just, to conjure evils, which might not exist, and against which humanity would shudder. Their

very isolation from the pieces which were performed on the boards of the Parisian theatre, proves, if it does prove anything, that the authors as the audiences had more faith in the moral sentiments of men than in the exaggerated statements of a professed abolitionist. They would not insult human nature so much as to suppose that the evil existed to any great extent, and although it may be a practice incident to slavery, which might be followed by some (!) hard task-master, they placed more reliance on the common charities of the slaveholder, than they did on the unfounded assumptions of the partizan of the slave. In this Mrs. Stowe met with a scathing, chilling rebuke, the more so, because it emanated not from republican America, but from despotic France.

We have thus given a just and faithful exposition of the progress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Paris, gleaned from the Press and the Drama. We have omitted several other indications of the popular sentiment, such as the promenade during the Carnival of a fat ox, decorated with ribbons and other gaudy ornaments, to which the apellative of Uncle Tom was given, with two adjuncts in the shape of equally fine oxen on either side, dignified (!) by the names of Shelby and Haley. It was a *fete* such as the ancients used to commemorate in honor of the ox, Apis, a kind of animal deity, who was not less glorified by them than Uncle Tom is by the abolitionists. It must have been a striking phenomenon in the eyes of the excitable Parisians, to have witnessed on the 6th of February last the compassionate slaveholder and the exacting slave-catcher in company with the meek and unpretending slave! The cortege went through the principal

streets of Paris, the object of the gaze of admiring thousands.

To what reflections do these proceedings of the French give rise? We have seen the address of the Duchess of Sutherland to her sisters in America, which bore her name, but was really written by Lord Shaftsbury, formerly Lord Ashley, the patron of several philanthrophic institutions. We have seen the noble reply of the women of America, and can pardon the deception of the author of the address, since it gave rise to such a response from one of our country-women. We have seen the philosophical comments of the *London Times*, which were, perhaps, predicted on the prospective evils of the destruction of the cotton-trade. We have admired the truly American spirit of all the articles on the subject in the columns of the *New York Herald*, yet there is a *vacuum* in the discussion of this question of slavery, which we would fain supply, but cannot. The question must always be one of compromises and mutual concessions, for as soon as one difficulty is settled another springs up. It was Texas and California yesterday, it is New Mexico and Nebraska to-day, and with our progressive spirit of enterprise and colonization, it may be some other settlement in the West or South-West to-morrow. It is a constantly recurring theme, which is daily discussed by Senators in Congress, Judges in the Halls of Justice, Clergymen in the Pulpit, and by every one in public meetings. Isolated passages in the speeches and writings of the Fathers of the Republic are invoked to give force and piquancy to the arguments of political adversaries. Wash-

ington is represented by one* "as desiring the formation of a SOCIETY, and that he would second it;" the orator adding that "by this authentic testimony, he takes his place with the early patrons of abolition (!) societies," whereas it is well known that he admitted in that very conversation to which allusion is made, that "the obstacles were many, and he saw no means of averting them." Jefferson, by another, although the author of the Notes on Virginia devoted several pages to show the impracticability of any scheme that had hitherto been devised to ameliorate their condition. Both are regarded as champions of their cause by the abettors and adversaries of slavery.

In tracing the progress of Uncle Tom's Cabin in Paris, we have been struck with the peculiarity of the ideas the French entertained on the subject of slavery. They were not more singular than those of their ancestors who wrote immediately after the Revolution. Schwartz, in his "Reflections on the Slavery of the Negroes;" and Mazzei in his Chapter on Slavery, apologized for the delay in abolishing it, and stated their views in favor of its continuance with candor and impartiality.

In the animal and vegetable kingdom, the progress towards liberty and perfection is slow and gradual. Man as well as the brute lingers in a state of listlessness and inactivity in the cot or the litter. The minutest herb in the field as well as the oak, the lord of the forest, owes its life and strength to the seed which was scattered at random. The germ of its future growth was there, and it grew up gradually and

*The Hon. Charles Sumner—speech of August 26th, 1852.

imperceptibly until it attained the size which was allotted to it amongst the productions of the earth. In every department of science and art, nay, in that very learning on which men pride themselves, they begin by the rudiments, and ascend degree by degree until they approach as near as they can towards perfection.

The negro-race alone is to be excepted from this law of progress, the man of ignorance is to become at once the man of wisdom, and to be rendered capable of exercising the rights of citizenship. By what wonderful adaptation of the faculties of that race to this sudden transition from slavery to freedom is this to be accomplished? Is there anything in the physical organization of the African that exempts him from the common infirmities of humanity? Are his perceptions brighter, quicker, more acute, that he is to be at once relieved from a state of barbarism, and to enter on the duties of civilized man? Is he to go through no course of probation to fit him for the station to which the abolitionists would call him! If we remember rightly, some years ago, the friends of the slave formed a society in Philadelphia to prepare the negro mind for emancipation by a system of education which was adapted to the old as well as the young, but our modern philanthrophists would forego this initiatory step, they would enfranchize them at once, and place three millions of men as ignorant as the savages of the forest on a footing of equality with twenty-three millions of freemen!

They may answer this by saying, that they would fix a remote period for their redemption. We reply, no period

would be so remote that the son could forget the imaginary wrong that had been done to his sire, and if education were a probationary step towards emancipation, there might be found such an anomaly as that the son might be free whilst the father remained in a state of bondage. The case of the slaves in the British West India Islands was widely different from what it is in this country. There, they had no reason to withhold, at least from youth, the benefit of primary instruction; their insular situation prevented anything like an attempt at escape; they had no inducement to counterfeit the handwriting of their master. Here, on the contrary, education gives them freedom, and it is the interest of the master to withhold that elementary instruction, which might fit them for a state at war with their duty towards him. So close is the contiguity of the free states, that by teaching them to write, they would be placing in their hands the pen that would give them the certificate of their freedom. It would be necessary to begin the work of abolition by imparting to all alike! old as well as young, the benefits of an elementary education, and supposing, for instance, that the slaves were not all like Uncle Tom, and that he could not be taken as a type of any particular class of his countrymen, and that many should prefer to remain in a state of ignorance, what would then become of education as a preliminary step towards freedom? Some would be learned, others ignorant: and, if education were a test of capability, the former would be free whilst the latter would be held in slavery.

The abolitionists will say, fix a certain period for their emancipation, and declare all alike free. We would answer

—that to set three millions of slaves free, rashly and impetuously, would be rushing into a greater evil, than what the abolitionists themselves believe slavery to be. Nor can this proposition be sustained by any logical deductions from any state of facts known to exist.

The code of ethics imposes certain obligations on legislators as on individuals, when it is necessary to redress an injury. The negro race, comparatively with the populations surrounding them, forms but an item in the social community. Giving the friends of the race the full benefit of the argument, that morality requires the reparation of the injury, more mischief may be done in the mode of doing it, than in allowing the injury itself to subsist.

Thus, the interests of the slave must be considered, as well as the interests of the community at large. The former may necessitate certain precautions to be used, as to the time and means, without which the benefit sought after may never be attained, whilst the latter may require some measures to be adopted for the preservation of the public tranquility, without which society could not exist. Political society can have no other object, than the maintenance of the rights of those which compose it—any infraction of the right of a citizen or of a stranger is an injustice. It is more, it is a crime. If, however, it be almost certain that a man is not in a state to exercise his rights, and that if they be conferred on him, he would abuse them against others, or that he would use them to his own prejudice, in that case, society can regard him as having lost his rights, or as having never acquired them. Under the present system, the property as well as the labor of

the slave belongs to his master; in return the latter cares for his wants, provides for him in sickness, and gives him food, lodging and raiment. Judging from the experience we have had of the free negroes who have lived in the cities and towns of the United States, when they acquire liberty, they lead an idle dissolute life, many of them caring nothing for the obligations of morality or religion. If this has been the case with hundreds, how would it be when thousands, nay millions, would be thrown on the community, poor, miserable and helpless? The common dictates of charity, nay, of humanity, would require that they should go through a course of probation, and should be fitted for the various employments of life, before they attempted to fulfil them. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, we may observe that experience has already proved in the case of the fugitive slaves, who have sought an asylum in the British possessions, that the evils arising from the ingress of even a few hundreds who were unprepared for the ordinary duties of society, have been such, that many benevolent individuals in the vicinity petitioned the Legislature to pass a law to prevent, for the future, their immigration.

Apart from the consideration of the question of emancipation, there is the question of commerce, intimately blended with the preservation of the system. The commercial grandeur of this country has been built up by the labor of the slave. Of the quantity of cotton which supplies the wants of the civilized world, the South produces *eighty-six per cent!* and without slave-labor, experience has shown that the cotton plant cannot be cultivated. Look at the present condi-

tion and prospects of Haiti, in comparison with what they were before slavery was abolished. Look at Jamaica, at Martinique, in fact everywhere where slavery existed and has been abolished. It shows that the efforts of man are powerless to frustrate the decrees of Providence—it shows that where there was plenty, amounting even to opulence, there is now want, approaching almost to misery. You may wander over the mountains of Haiti, or the plains of Jamaica, and there you will see evidence of a pristine grandeur, of splendid mansions untenanted and fruitful plantations uncultivated. Let us look at this picture and then say, whether we desire a similar fate to await any part of our common country! Abolition is an impracticability, nay, more, it is an impossibility. It would be a wrong, quite as injurious to the master as to the slave—it would carry desolation and misery into the homes and firesides of many of the sons and daughters of Africa—it would deprive them of the comfort they now enjoy and throw them on the world without the inclination or ability to work, the objects of the benevolence and charity of others. It would entail on them a fate infinitely worse in the eyes of the philanthropist, than their present abject condition.

Ah, no! if the abolitionists were sincere in his love for the slave, if his mind were imbued with a spirit of philanthropy, he should make the fetters easy which weigh on the limbs of the slave; he should teach him to aspire to no higher position in the social scale, than what God has assigned to him; he should inculcate patience and humility in his trials, until Providence, in its wisdom, has worked out the end for

which slavery, like every other human institution, was established. If it be an evil in his eyes, he should know that nothing would increase its progress so much as a vain and fruitless opposition to it, based on no particular line of action, and pursued in view of no immediate practical result. He should learn to appreciate the justice and the wisdom of the great Creator of the universe, who appropriated to every object in the animal and vegetable world, the sphere in which it should move and have its being, giving to the tropics its shady trees to shelter its inhabitants from the burning heat of the sun, and to the frigid and other zone the furs of its wild animals to protect theirs against the severity of the cold.

Next to religion and a contemplation of the works of the Divine Author of all, he should look to the practice and the precepts of the Fathers of the Republic, who in their sagacity and wisdom fixed the balance of the Constitution and the equipoise of the States, and laid the foundation of a Union which has enured to the prosperity and happiness of all.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

ENGLISH OPINION OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

EVILS OF SLAVERY—METHOD OF ITS REMOVAL—DANGERS OF AGITATION—COLONIZATION, &C.

(From the London Times, Friday September 3.)

TWENTY thousand copies of this book, according to its title-page, are circulating among the American people, but three times as many thousands more have probably been issued from the American press since the title page was written. According to the *Boston Traveler*, the authoress has already received from her publishers the sum of "$10,000 as her copyright premium on three months' sales of the work—we believe the largest sum of money ever received by any author, either American or European, from the sale of a single work in so short a period of time." Uncle Tom's Cabin is at every railway book-stall in England and in every third traveler's hand. The book is a decided hit. It takes its place with "Pickwick," with Louis Napoleon, with the mendicant who suddenly discovers himself heir to £20,000 a year, and, in fact with every man whose good for-

tune it has been to fall asleep Nobody, and to awake in the morning an institution in the land. It is impossible not to feel respect for Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The object of the work is revealed in the pictorial frontispiece. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is an abolitionist, and her book is a vehement and unrestrained argument in favor of her creed. She does not preach a sermon, for men are accustomed to nap and nod under the pulpit; she does not indite a peilosophical discourse, for philosophy is exacting, is solicitous for truth, and scorns exaggeration. Nor does the lady condescend to survey her intricate subject in the capacity of a judge, for the judicial seat is fixed high above human passion, and she is in no temper to mount it. With the instinct of her sex, the clever authoress takes the shortest road to her purpose, and strikes at the convictions of her readers by assailing their hearts. She cannot hold the scales of justice with a steady hand, but she has learnt to perfection the craft of the advocate. *Euclid*, she well knows, is no child for effecting social revolutions, but an impassioned song may set a world in conflagration. Who shall deny to a true woman the use of her true weapons? We are content to warn the unsuspecting reader of their real presence!

Perhaps there is, after all, but one method of carrying on a crusade, and that unscrupulous fighting is the rightful warfare of the crusader. Mrs. Stowe having made up her mind that slavery is an abomination in the sight of God and man, thinks of nothing but the annihilation of the pernicious system. From the first page of her narrative to the last,

this idea is paramount in her mind, and colors all her drawing. That she will secure proselytes we take for granted; for it is in the nature of enthusiasm to inoculate with passionate zeal the strong-hearted as well as the feeble-minded. That she will convince the world of the purity of her own motives and of the hatefulness of the sin she denounces, is equally clear; but that she will help, in the slightest degree towards the removal of the gigantic evil that afflict her soul, is a point upon which we may express the greatest doubt; nay, is a matter upon which, unfortunately, we have very little doubt at all, inasmuch as we are certain that the very readiest way to rivet the fetters of slavery in these critical times is to direct against all slaveholders in America the approbrium and indignation which such works as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are sure to excite.

It is scarcely necessary to give in this place and in detail the plot of Mrs. Stowe's striking production; for striking and meritorious it undoubtly is. The lady has great skill in the delineation of character; her hand is vigorous and firm, her mastery over human feeling is unquestionable, and her humorous efforts are unimpeachable. We know of no book in which the negro character finds such successful interpretation, and appears so life-like and so fresh. The scenes in which the negroes are represented at their domestic labors or conversing with each other, reveal a familiar acquaintance with negro life, and a capacity for displaying it that cannot be mistaken. The slang of "Ethiopian Serenaders" for once gives place to thoughts and language racy of the soil, and we need not say how refreshing it is to be separated for

a season from the conventional Sambo of the modern stage. But even as an artist Mrs. STOWE is not faultless. She exhibits but ordinary ability in the construction of her story. Her narrative is rather a succession of detached scenes than a compact, well-jointed whole; and many of the scenes are tedious from their similarity and repetition. The reader is interested in the fate of two heroes, but their own streams of adventure never blend. The scene closes upon Uncle Tom to open upon GEORGE HARRIS, and it closes upon GEORGE HARRIS to open upon Uncle Tom,—a style of proceeding well understood at the Adelphi Theatre, where the *facetiæ* of WRIGHT must duly relieve the *diablerie* of O. SMITH —but certainly not yet recognized in the classic realms of art.

Uncle Tom is the slave of Mr. SHELBY, the proprietor of a certain estate in Kentucky, which has fallen into disorder in consequence of the speculative habits of its owner, who, at the opening of the tale, is forced to part not only with Uncle Tom, but with a young quadroon woman named ELIZA the servant of Mrs. SHELBY, and the wife of GEORGE HARRIS, a slave upon a neighboring estate. Uncle Tom is carried off Mr. SHELBY's estate by the new purchaser, one Mr. HALEY; but ELIZA, dreading separation from her husband and her subsequent fate, takes flight with her child, and is ultimatetly joined to her mate on the free soil of Canada. The two volumes of which the book is made up are occupied, as we have hinted, with the adventures of Uncle Tom and GEORGE HARRIS, until the former dies a Christian martyr,

and the latter becomes a model liberator in the black Republic of Liberia.

Uncle Tom is a paragon of virtue. He is more than mortal in his powers of endurance, in his devotion, in his self-denial, in his Christian profession and practice, and in his abhorrence of spirituous liquors. When Mr. HALEY in his turn sold Tom to a new master, the good-natured owner informed his new acquisition that he would make him "coachy" on condition that he would not get drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency; whereupon "Tom looked surprised and rather hurt, and said, "I never drink, Mas'r." This may be taken as a keynote to the tune TOM is eternally playing for our edification and moral improvement. He always "looks surprised and rather hurt" on such occasions. He is described as a fine powerful negro, walking through the world with a Bible in his hands, and virtuous indignation on his lips, both ready to be called into requisition on the slightest provocation, in season and out of season, at work or at play, by your leave or without it, in sorrow or in joy, for the benefit of his superiors, or for the castigation of his equals. A prominent fault of his production is indicated in these facts. In her very eagerness to accomplish her amiable intention, Mrs. STOWE ludicrously stumbles and falls very far short of her object. She should surely have contented herself with proving the infamy of the slave system, and not been tempted to establish the superiority of the African nature over that of the Anglo-Saxon, and of every other known race.

We have read some novels in our time, and occupied not

a few precious hours in the proceedings of their heroines and heroes ; but we can scarcely remember ever to have encountered either gentle knight or gentler dame to whom we could not easily have brought home the imputation of human frailty. The mark of the first fall has been there, though the hues might be of the faintest. Now, if Adam, before his decline, had been a black, as some ethnologists still insist, he could not possibly have been more thoroughly without flaw than Uncle Tom. In him the said mark is eradicated once and forever. He represents in his person the only well authenticated instance we know, in modern times, of that laudable principle, in virtue of which a man presents his left cheek to be smitten after his first has been slapped. The more you "larrup" Uncle Tom the more he blesses you ; the greater the bodily agony the more intense becomes his spiritual delight. The more he ought to complain, the more he doesn't ; the less he has a cause for taking a pleasant view of life and human dealings, the less he finds reason to repine ; and his particular sentiments are all to match. Tom has reason to believe that Mr. Shelby will not wish him "good bye" before he starts off for the south with Mr. Haley. "That ar hurt me more than sellin, it did." Tom's wife is heartbroken at his departure, and naturally reproaches Mr. Shelby for turning him into money. Tom, always superior to human nature, tenderly rebukes her. "I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear one word agin Mas'r. Wasn't he put into my arms a baby ? It's natur I should think a heap of him."

Tom "had every facility and temptation to dishonesty,"

but his "simplicity of nature was impregnable," and he was never known to mistake in his life, although "trusted to an unlimited extent by a careless master, who handed him a bill without looking at it, and pocketed the change without counting it." What have we been doing all these years, during which, at a great cost of time, labor, and money, we have dispatched missionary after missionary to the heathen, but neglected needful labors at home in order to effect works of superogation abroad? Before we export another white enthuiast from Exeter-hall, let us import a dozen or two blacks to teach Exeter-hall its most obvious Christian duties. If Mrs. Stowe's portraiture is correct, and if Uncle Tom is a type of a class, we deliberately assert that we have nothing more to communicate to the negro, but everything to learn from his profession and practice. No wonder that Tom works miracles by his example. Such sudden conversions from brutality to humanity, from glaring infidelity to the most childlike belief, as are presented to our admiration in these volumes, have never been wrought on earth since the days of the Apostles. One of the best sketches in the book is that of the black imp, by name Topsy, who loves lying for the sake of lying, who is more mischievous than a monkey, and in all respects as ignorant; yet she has hardly time to remove from her soul the rubbish accumulated there from their birth, and to prepare her mind for the reception of the most practical truths, before—without any sufficient reason —"a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, penetrates the darkness of her heathen soul," and enables her in due time to accept the responsible appointment of missionary to

a station in Africa. Uncle Tom not only converts by his arguments Mr. St. Clare, his master in New-Orleans, who is a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, and as shrewd a hand in a discussion as you are ever likely to encounter, but positively redeems in a moment from utter savageness and the lowest degradation, wretches in whom the sense of feeling is extinct, and from whom we have been taught, until Tom took them in hand, to recoil in horror. It is no respect for religion that we feel, when Tom, beaten almost to death by his owner, is visited by a poor woman, who offers him water to relieve his mortal pains, but who is quietly informed by the sufferer, that a chapter from the Bible is better than drink. Well-fed and comfortably-housed hypocrisy is apt to deliver itself of such utterances, but certainly not true piety in its hours of anguish and physical extremity. A quadroon slave called Cassy is introduced to the reader under the most painful circumstances. Her career has been one of compelled vice, until her spirit has finally acquired a wild and positively fiendish character. You read the authoress's vivid description, you note the creature's conduct, and you are convinced that it will take years to restore human tenderness to that bruised soul, to say nothing of belief in heaven, and its solemn and mysterious promises. But you err! In an instant, and almost miraculously, "the long winter of despair, the ice of years gives way, and the dark despairing woman weeps and prays." She, too, yields at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and becomes a devout and tender Christian. This monstrous instance is out done by another. Sambo and Quimbo are two black ras-

cals, who have been trained "in savageness and brutality as systematically as bulldogs, and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, have brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities." When we first behold them, we are told "to mark their coarse, dark, heavy features; their great eyes rolling enviously on each other; their barbarous guttural, half brutal intonation; their dilapidated garments fluttering in the wind," and to remember the apt illustration before us "of the fact that brutal men are lower even than animals." So long as these worthies are on the scene, their actions correspond exactly with their appearance, and with the account given of their canine bringing up; they go on from bad to worse, and at the worst, when their restitution to humanity seems utterly and forever hopeless, then it is that Tom "pours forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One,—his life, his death, his everlasting presence and power to save,"—that "they weep—both the two savage men,"—that Tom cries to Heaven to give him two more souls, and that the prayer is immediately and satisfactorily answered by their happy and most astounding conversion. Surely there is something more real and substantial in Mrs. Stowe's volumes to account for their extraordinary popularity than such absolute and audacious trash. It would be blasphemy to believe in such revelations; and common sense and a feeling of what is due to our better nature will assuredly prevent all but the veriest fanatics from accepting as truth such exaggerated and unholy fables.

An error, almost as fatal as the one adverted to, is committed by our authoress in the pains she takes to paint her

negroes, mulattoes, and quadroons in the very whitest white, while she is equally careful to disfigure her whites with the very blackest black. The worst negroes are ultimately taken to Heaven, but few of the fair colored are warranted, living or dying, without blemish. The case of Slavery is submitted in this work, it is true, to the reader's enlightened attention, but before his judgment can calmly set itself to work his sympathies are thoroughly secured by a lady who takes care not to let them loose again. The very first scene of the book introduces us to an offensive dealer in slaves, and to a slave proprietor without feeling, and both are bargaining for the disposal of slaves who, in personal appearance and in moral attainments, are not to be surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. What becomes of the judgment under such an ordeal, if the intellect be weak and the heart be strong? We are not ignorant of the mode in which great morals are enforced at our minor theatres, and of the means there taken to impress the imagination and to instruct the intellect by help of the domestic melodrama. A villain on the Surrey side of the water is a villain indeed, and a persecuted heroine is persecuted beyond endurance in any other place. It is very easy to adduce startling lessons from a dramatic work, as it is easy enough for an artist to delineate fear by painting a man with staring eyes, open mouth, and hair on end. Truth, however, demands more delicate dealing, and art that would interpret truth must watch the harmonies of Nature, which charms not by great "effects," but by her blended symmetry and grace, by her logical and unforced developments. Did we know nothing of

the subject treated by Mrs. Stowe, we confess that we should hesitate before accepting much of her coin as sterling metal. Her quadroon girl is all too like the applauded slave of the Victoria. "The rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes—the ripples of silky black hair, the delicately-formed hand and trim foot and ankle, the dress of the neatest possible fit, which set off to advantage her finely-moulded shape, the peculiar air of refinement, the softness of voice and manner," are insisted upon with a pertinacity which we look for in vain when we come face to face with the less fortunately-endowed specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race. Her husband George, a mulatto, being rather blacker than herself, is painted, according to rule, in still brighter colors. He is "possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners," is "a general favorite in the factory" where he works, "his adroitness and ingenuity cause him to be considered the first hand in the place," and he has "invented a machine for the cleaning of hemp which displays quite as much mechanical genius as WHITNEY's cotton-gin."

During his flight to Canada, George disguises himself. Being informed of the circumstances, we are introduced to an hotel in Kentucky. It was late "In a drizzily afternoon that a traveler alighted at the door. He was very tall, with a dark Spanish complexion, fine expressive black eyes, and close curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of finely formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon." Who can the distinguished stranger be but M. Lemaitre or Mr.

Wallack, representing for approval and our delight George Harris, the runaway mulatto? If we have any doubt it is removed at once when we are told that the said George being addressed by a stanger at the hotel "stood up like a rock, and put out his hand with the air of a prince," just as we have seen Lemaitre do it as *Le Docteur Noire*. An indifferent advocate may make one of two mistakes. He may understate his client's case, or he may overstate it. Able as she is, Mrs. Stowe has committed the latter fault, and will suffer in the minds of the judicious from the female error. With so good a cause it is a pity that her honest zeal should have outrun discretion.

The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mention. Its object is to abolish slavery. Its effect will be to render slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill-blood at boiling point, and irritate instead of pacifying those whose proceedings Mr. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was not required to convince the haters of slavery of the abomination of the "institution;" of all books, it is the least calculated to weigh with those whose prejudice in favor of slavery have yet to be overcome, and whose interests are involved in the perpetuation of the system. If slavery is to cease in America, and if the people of the United States, who fought and bled for their liberty and nobly won it, are to remove the disgrace on their own limbs, *the work of enfranchisement must be a movement, not forced upon slaveowners, but voluntarily undertaken, accepted and carried out by the whole community.*

There is no Federal law which can compel the Slave States to resign the "property" which they hold. The States of the South are as free to maintain slavery as are the States of the North to rid themselves of the scandal. Let the attempt be made imperiously and violently to dictate to the South, and from that hour the union is at an end. We are aware that to the mind of the "philanthropist" the alternative brings no alarm; but to the rational thinkers, to the statesman, and to all men interested in the world's progress, the disruption of the bond that holds the American States together is fraught with calamity, with which the present evil of slavery—a system destined sooner or later to fall to pieces under the weight of public opinion and its own infamy—bears no sensible comparison. The writer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and similar well disposed authors have yet to learn that to excite the passions of their readers in favor of their philanthropic schemes is the very worst mode of getting rid of a difficulty which, whoever may be to blame for its existence, is part and parcel of the whole social organization of a large proportion of the States, and cannot be forcibly removed without instant anarchy, and all its accompanying mischief.

Would Mrs. Stowe have liberty proclaimed throughout the States at the moment? For her own sake and for the sake of her countrymen, we hope not. We do not believe that the blacks in America are prepared for sudden emancipation; and, if they were, we are certain that the whites are wholly incapable of appreciating the blessing. Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Second Visit to the United States of North*

America, very properly remarks that the fanaticism of Abolitionists constitutes one difficulty in the way of emancipation, the prejudices of Perpetuatists another, but that the jealousy of an unscrupulous Democracy is a far more terrible obstacle than either. In the same spirit, the writer of a remarkable article in the *North American Review* last year observed, that the " whites need to go through a training for freedom scarcely less than the blacks, the master being as much fettered to the one end of the chain as the slave to the other." All impartial witnesses speak to the same effect. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, no lover of slavery, who passed years in the United States, declares that slavery is a positive blessing to every negro who would receive nothing but liberty from his owner. For, in truth, what is liberty worth to the possessor if it be accompanied with social degradation of the worst description ? The manumitted slaves of Jamaica are, in the sight of the law, in the estimation of their fellows, and in the eye of God, equals with those whose actual " property" they were the other day. Importance no longer attaches to complexion in that Island. The white and colored people intermarry, colored people hold responsible offices, and are received as guests at the Governor's table. An American who visited Jamaica in 1850 states that—

" At the Surrey Assizes, where Sir Joshua Rowe presided, two colored lawyers were sitting at the Barrister's table, and of the Jury all but three were colored. Seven-tenths of the whole police force of the Island, amounting to about 800 men, were estimated to be colored. In the Legislative Assembly, composed of from 48 to 50 members, ten or a dozen

were colored ; and the Public Printers of the Legislature, who were also editors of the leading Government paper, were both colored men."

Compare this salutary state of things with the certain doom of the negro suddenly emancipated by his American master ! The democratic horror of black blood in the United States knows no bounds. Sir Charles Lyell has a pathetic account of a young girl he met on board a steamer in America, and who was rudely summoned from the dinner table because—though free as himself—she had presumed—having one streak of negro blood in her otherwise unsullied veins—to sit at a board with a party of pure whites. He had previously been shocked by remarking that no colored man, slave or freemen, how far soever removed from the negro stock, however respectable his appearance, however cultivated his mind, was allowed to take his meals while the very meanest white on board had yet to satisfy his hunger. What avail the pathetic appeals and painful accidents, the passionate denunciations, with which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* abounds in the teeth, of such facts as these ? Let it be borne in mind that this instinctive and openly proclaimed physical disgust and abhorrence of the negro race is not peculiar to the South, but is even more strongly evident in the North ; but it is no offensive characteristic of the slave owner, but is a vice equally rampant in the self-satisfied and complacent soul of the agitating abolitionist. Blacks are not stocks or stones ; we know them to be capable of high civilization, and to be susceptible of the noblest emotions. Improved public opinion all over the world is doing much for

for them, and education and religion are doing still more. They are not unconscious of their social inferiority in Republican America, for they are hourly made to feel it. Imagine them liberated to-morrow in those portions of the United States where they out number the whites, and where they would have only to raise their liberated hands in order to strike down the traditional enemies of their race, their once tyrannical owners, their always contemptuous social superiors. Hate begets hate, and a war of races secures the rapid deterioration and decline of all the cambatants. We may well shrink before inviting so bloody and disastrous a conflict.

And be it stated to the credit of the slaveowners of the South, that they are fully alive to the danger of the potentous struggle, and have of late years shown no indisposition to help in their own emancipation as well as in that of the slave, provided they may only escape the dire catastrophe we speak of. It is certain that a large class of slave owners in the South are most desirious to relieve the soil of the stain and inconvenience of Slavery, if the tremendous step can be taken with safety to all parties concerned in the act of liberation. The efforts made in the South to improve the condition of the slave, show at least that humanity is not dead in the bosoms of the proprietors. Mrs. Stowe has certainly not done justice to this branch of the subject. Horrors in connection with Slavery—itself a horror—unquestionably exist; but all accounts—save her own, and those of writers actuated by her extreme views—concur in describing the general condition of the Southern slave

as one of comparative happiness and comfort, such as many a free man in the United Kingdom might regard with envy. One authority on this point is too important to be overlooked. In the year 1842, a Scotch weaver, named William Thomson, traveled through the Southern States. He supported himself on his way by manual labor; he mixed with the humblest classes, black and white, and on his return home he published an account of his journeyings. He had quitted Scotland a sworn hater of slave proprietors, but he confessed that experience had modified his views on this subject to a considerable degree. He had witnessed Slavery in most of the slaveholding States; he had lived for weeks among negroes in cotton plantations, and he asserted that he had never beheld one-fifth of the real suffering that he had seen among the laboring poor in England. Nay, more, he declared:

"That the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as those of workingmen in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength."

Ten years have not increased the hardships of the Southern slave. During that period colonization has come to his relief—education has, legally or illegally, found its way to his cabin, and Christianity has added spiritual consolations to his allowed, admitted physical enjoyments. It has been justly said that to those men of the South who have done their best for the negro under the institution of slavery must we look for any great effort in favor of emancipation, and

they who are best acquainted with the progress of events in those parts declare that at this moment "there are powerful and irresistible influences at work in a large part of the slave States tending towards the abolition of slavery within these boundaries."

We can well believe it. The world is working its way towards liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march Since the adoption of the American Constitution, seven States have voluntarily abolished slavery. When that Constitution was proclaimed there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census, the free blacks amount to 418,183, and of these, 233,691 are blacks of the South, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, *abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution, must be patiently wrought out by means of the American Constitution, and not in bitter spite of it.* America cannot for any time resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the South be not goaded to illiberality by the North—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity, and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age, is manifest from the circumstance that, for the last four years, she has been busy in preparing the way for emancipation, by a method that has *not failed* in older countries to remove national troubles

almost as intolerable as that of slavery itself. We have learnt to believe that the Old World is to be saved and renewed by means of emigration. Who shall say that the New World—in visible danger from the presence of a dark inheritance bequeathed to it by Europe—shall not be rescued by the same providential means? The negro colony of Liberia, established by the United States, extends along the Western coast of Africa, a distance of more than 500 miles. The civilized black population amounts to 8,000 souls. The heathen population is over 200,000. The soil of the colony is fertile, its exports are daily increasing, it has already entered into diplomatic relations with Great Britain and France. A Government is established, which might have been framed by the whitest skins; 2,000 communicants are in connection with its churches; 1,500 children attend its Sabbath schools.

Education has become—would that it were so here—a national obligation; and the work of instruction and conversion is carried on by educated negroes among their brethren, who cannot fail to appreciate the service and to accept the blessing. The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the manumitted and civilized slaves of the United States, we hold to be the most promising element in the question upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself, and to achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilization of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianized

by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian duties. We have said that the process of liberation was going on, and that we are convinced the South, in its own interests, will not be laggard in the labor. Liberia, and similar spots on the earth's surface, proffer aid to the South, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more Uncle Tom's Cabins engendering ill-will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically-placed men their own enemies and the stumbling blocks to civilization, and to the spread of glad tidings from Heaven.

BRISSOT DE WARVILLE'S CONVERSATION WITH WASHINGTON, GIVEN FROM THE ORIGINAL IN FRENCH—*VIDE, NOUVEAU VOYAGE DANS LES ETATS UNIS* EN 1788, PAR J. P. BRISSOT DE WARVILLE—TOME SECOND, PAGE 43, EDITION PARIS, 1791.

" A leur tête *(les Virginiens)* on doit mettre cet homme étonnant, qui, général adoré, eût le courage d'être républican sincère ; qui, decouvert de gloire, seul ne s'en souvient plus ; héros, dont la déstinée unique sera d'avoir sauvé deux fois sa patrie, de lui ouvrir le chemin de la prospérité, après avoir ouvert celui de la liberté. Maintenant *entièrement* occupé* du soin d' améliorer ses terres, d'en varier le produit, d'ouvrir des routes, des communications, il donne à ses compatriotes un exemple utile et qui sans doute sera suivi. Il a cependant, dois-je le dire, une foule nombreuse d'esclaves noirs—mais ils sont traités avec la plus grande humanité. Bien nourris, bien vêtus, n'ayant qu'un travail modéré à faire, ils benissent sans cesse le maitre, que le Ciel leur a donné. Il est digne sans doute d'une ame aussi élevée, aussi pure, aussi désintéressée de commencer la révolution en Virginie, d'y préparer l'affranchisement des nègres. Ce grand homme, lorsque j'eus le bonheur de l'entrétenir, m'avoua

* Il n'etoit pas alors President des Etats Unis. J'anticipe ici sur plusieurs conversations, que j'ai eues avec ce grand homme et dont je parlerai par la suite.

qu'il admiroit tout ce que se faisoit dans les autres états, qu'il en desiroit l'extension dans son propre pays, mais il ne me cacha pas que de nombreux obstacles s'y opposoient encore, qu'il seroit dangereux de heurter de front un préjugé, qui commencoit à diminuer. Du temps, de la patience, des lumiéres et on le convaincra, me dit-il. Presque tous les Virginiens, ajoutoit il, ne croyent pas que la liberté des noirs puisse sitôt devenir générale. Voila, pour quoi, ils ne veulent point former de société qui puisse donner des idées dangereuses à leurs esclaves, un autre obstacle s'y oppose. Les grandes propriétés éloignent les hommes, rendent difficiles les assemblées, et vous ne trouverez ici que de grandes propriétaires.

Les Virginiens se trompent, lui disois-je ; il est évident que tôt ou tard les nègres, obtiendront partout leur liberté que cette révolution s'étendra en Virginie. Il est donc de l'intérêt de vos compatriotes de s'y préparer, de tâcher de concilier la restitution des droits des nègres avec leur propriété. Les moyens à prendre, pour cet effet, ne peuvent être que l'ouvrage d'une société, et il est digne du saveur de l'Amerique d'en être le chef, et de rendre la liberté à 300,000 hommes malheureux dans son pays. Ce grand homme me dit, qu'il en desiroit la formation- qu'il la seconderait ; mais il ne croyoit pas le moment favorable. Sans doute des veux plus élévées absorboient alors son attention et remplissoient son ame ; le destin de l'Amerique étoit prêt à être remis une seconde fois dans ses mains.

TRANSLATION

At the head of the Virginians we must place that astonishing man, who, an adored General, had the courage to be a sincere republican, who, covered with glory, alone remembered it no more, a hero, whose sole destiny it will be to have twice saved his country, to open to her the road to prosperity, after having opened that of liberty. Now, *altogether* occupied* with the care of ameliorating his lands, varying their productions, and opening new roads and communications, he gives a useful example to his fellow countrymen, and one, which no doubt, will be followed. He has notwithstanding—ought I to say so?—a numerous crowd of black slaves, but they are treated with the greatest humanity. Well fed, well clothed; having but moderate work to do, they unceasingly bless the master, whom Heaven has given them. It is no doubt worthy of a soul so elevated, so pure, so disinterested, to commence the revolution in Virginia, to prepare there for the enfranchisement of the negroes.

This great man, when I had the happiness to converse with him, admitted to me, that he admired all that was doing in the other States, and that he desired its extension into his own connty, *that numerous obstacles interposed themselves there*, that it would be dangerous to strike deeply at a prejudice, which had begun to diminish. With time, pa-

tience, and intelligence, they will be convinced he told me. Nearly all the Virginians, he added, do not believe, that the liberty of the blacks can soon become general. That is the reason, they will not form a society, which might give dangerous ideas to their slaves. Another obstacle opposes itself there. Extensive properties place men at a distance from each other, and render meetings difficult ; and you will find here only large proprietors.

The Virginians, are mistaken, said I to him. It is evident, that sooner or later, the negroes will everywhere obtain their liberty,—and that revolution will extend itself into Virginia. It is therefore the interest of your countrymen to prepare themselves there for it, to endeavor to conciliate the rights of the negroes, together with their property. The means to be adopted, to attain this end, can only be the work of a Society, and it is worthy of the saviour of America to be the chief of it, and to give liberty to three hundred thousand unfortunate men in his country. This great man said to me, that he desired its formation, that he would second it ; *but he did not think the moment favorable.* No doubt, more elevated views then absorbed his attention and filled his soul. The destiny of America was about being placed for a second time in his hands.

REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM IN PARIS."

Brissot de Warville, before he became a leader of the party opposed to the Jacobins in the National Assembly of France, was remarkable for a peculiar idiosyncrasy. He Anglicized his name, assumed the dress, adopted the opinions of the Quakers, and became so enamored of the sect, that he has almost filled the work to which Mr. Sumner alludes, with narrations of his communications with Benezet, Warner, Mifflin, and other distinguished men, belonging to it. We do not desire to gainsay what Mr. Sumner sought so elaborately to set forth in the Senate, but a sense of justice due to departed greatness, impels us to defend Washington's character from being tainted with the sin of abolitionism. In adducing his proofs, Mr. Sumner refers to two letters, and his conversation with Brissot de Warville. The dates of these two letters are not given, a course, which Mr. Sumner generally followed in giving other letters from the same distinguished person. We are thus at a loss to know where to refer to them, but we do know, where to find, what Brissot de Warville reports Washington to have said, and we hardly believe, that in the opinion of any unbiassed person, his remarks would justify Mr. Sumner in classifying him amongst the abolitionists. In the conversation to which al-

lusion is made, we find in the pages almost immediately preceding that in which it is given, that reference is made to a Society founded in Philadelphia for the instruction of the negroes, but no where do we see, that any attempt was made to introduce it into any of the more Southern States. It was that Society, to which allusion was made in the conversation with De Warville, and not an Abolition ! Society, as the context would seem to indicate. If Washington ever entertained such views, it is curious to say the least of it, that neither Chastellux nor the Abbé Morin, nor any other French writer, who were so careful in reporting all that this distinguished General *said* and did, should not have alluded to his opinions on this subject. We give Mr. Sumner's remarks, and Brissot de Warville's conversation with Washington, so that the reader may judge for himself.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION ON SLAVERY.

The Hon. Charles Sumner, in his speech in the Senate of the United States, on the 26th August 1852, on his motion to repeal the Fugitive Slave Bill, used the following language :—

The Government thus organized was Anti-Slavery in character. Washington was a slave-holder ; *but it would be unjust to his memory not to say that he was an Abolitionist also. His opinions do not admit of question.* Only a short time before the formation of the National Constitution, he had declared, by letter, " that it was among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which Slavery may be abolished by law ;" and again, in another letter, " that in support of any legislative measure for the abolition of slavery, his suffrage should not be wanting ;" and still further in conversation with a distinguished European Abolitionist, a traveling propagandist of Freedom, Brissot de Warville, recently welcomed to Mount Vernon, he had openly announced, that to promote this object in Virginia, " he desired the formation of a Society, and that he would second it." By this *authentic testimony, he takes his place with the early patrons of Abolition societies.*

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The duty of consulting these sentiments was recognised by Washington. While President of the United States, at the close of his administration, he sought to recover a slave, who fled to New Hampshire. His autograph letter to Mr. Whipple, the Collector of Portsmouth, dated at Philadelphia, 28th November, 1796, which I now hold in my hand, and which has never before seen the light, after describing the fugitive, and particularly expressing the desire of "her mistress," Mrs. Washington, for her return, employs the following decisive language:

"I do not mean, however, by this request, that such violent measures should be used as would excite a mob or riot, which might be the case if she has adherents, or even uneasy sensations in the minds of well-disposed citizens. Rather than either of these should happen, I would forego her services altogether; and the example also, which is of infinite more importance.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Mr. Whipple, in his reply, dated at Portsmouth, December 22, 1796, an autograph copy of which I have, recognises the the rule of Washington:

"I will now, sir, agreeably to your desire, send her to Alexandria, *if it be practicable without the consequences which you except—that of exciting a riot or a mob, or creating uneasy sensations in the minds of well-disposed persons.* The first cannot be calculated beforehand; it will be governed by the popular opinion of the moment, or the circumstances that may arise in the transaction. The latter may be sought into and judged of by conversing with such persons without discover-

ing the occasion. So far as I have had opportunity, I perceive, that different sentiments are entertained on this subject."

The fugitive never was returned ; but lived in freedom to a good old age, down to a very recent period, a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his Country. *It is true that he sought her return. This we must regret and find its apology. He was at the time a slaveholder.* Though often with various degrees of force expressing himself against slavery, and promising his suffrage for its abolition, he did not see this wrong as he saw it at the close of his life, in the illumination of another sphere. From this act of Washington, still swayed by the policy of the world, I appeal to Washington writing his will. From Washington on earth I appeal to Washington in Heaven. Seek not by his name to justify any such effort.

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